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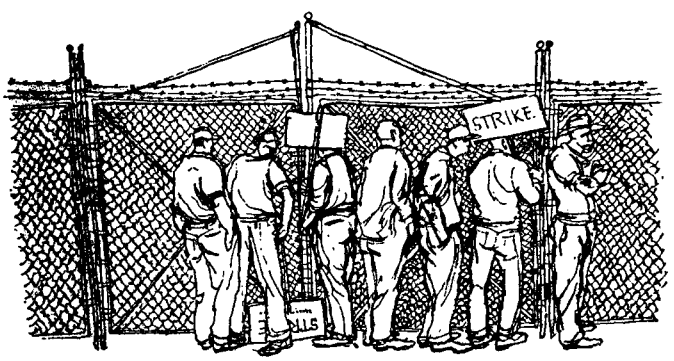
THE

Commonweal

The Catholic Assimilationist

by Erik von Kuehnelt–Leddihn



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by John C. Cort

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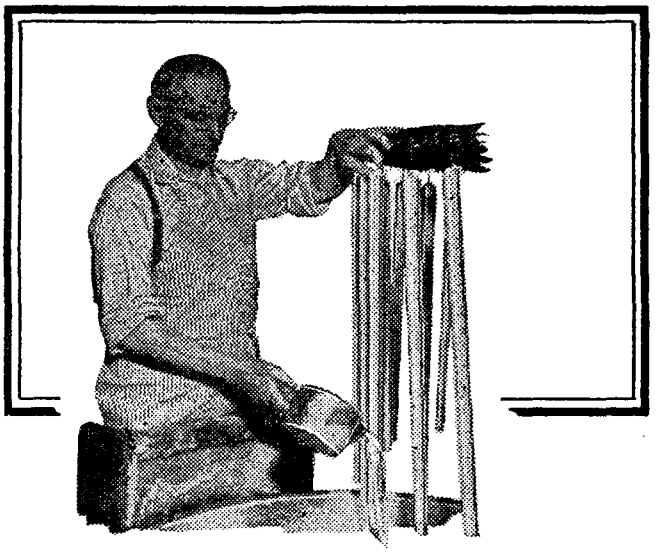

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THE Commonweal

week by week

EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS

THE very first contingents of UN prisoners to arrive at Freedom Village included so many who were in pitiful shape that Americans were horror-struck. How would it be possible to reach any sort of agreement with a foe so manifestly devoid of the rudiments of humaneness or good faith? Many of the returned captives, suffering from malnutrition and medical neglect, had dark tales to tell. It was not only inhuman treatment of the past, but even now the Communists were jailing individual prisoners on trumped-up charges when these captives were on the threshold of being freed in accordance with the present cease-fire agreement.

If the comparatively good physical condition of subsequent contingents from the North has lessened national indignation here, distrust of the Chinese Communists persists. Even if they are not directly guilty of the calculated barbarity and neglect perpetrated by the North Koreans in the first winter of the war, it is difficult to leave out that aspect of the whole picture. For here was a policy of extermination of captives that is comparable to the infamous Bataan Death March conducted by the Japanese or to certain Nazi concentration camps.

The reports of the first returnees, that camp conditions did improve once the Chinese Communists had taken over, are balanced by the fact that their new captors adamantly refused to recognize the Geneva Convention on war prisoners. Food was insufficient and not only did the Chinese themselves fail to provide needed medical care, but they also refused to permit the Red Cross to supply medical aid. Indoctrination was incessant; Negro prisoners were incited to race hatred and every inducement was offered to stool pigeons, who weakened under their captors' blandishments or threats.

But it is the extent to which the Chinese Communists keep back the prisoners they and the North Koreans have taken in the course of the now-suspended hostilities which will provide a key to their intentions. If they had thought to hold such men as hostages for better peace terms, they have misgauged the temper of their adversaries. The American reaction to the first accounts of inhumanity and double-dealing is unmistakable. If our constant refusal to send North Korean prisoners back home against their will failed to make clear a concern for human life inconceivable to many Orientals, our insistence on a full accounting on Americans listed as missing, and presumed to have been taken prisoner, should make that plain at last. And what they have learned of inhumanity to UN captives can but stiffen the attitude of American peace negotiators.

On the other hand the demeanor of the North Koreans and Chinese we are liberating in exchange manifests the sort of fanaticism that all along made them the most difficult of war prisoners. The vehemence with which they cast off UN-provided clothing which might one day keep them warm, the consant agitating and stream of insults these fanatical men and women direct at UN officials and South Koreans, their eagerness to pick a fight—all this betokens an aggressiveness hardly consonant with peaceful co-existence.

THE verdict, then, on the long-sought ceasefire in Korea cannot yet be rendered. Evidence of good faith in the exchange of prisoners will provide a key. The holding back—or dispatching to other lands behind the Iron Curtain—of any UN prisoners will obviate the concluding of anything but a most limited, self-enforcing agreement. What our prisoners have suffered—and what those remaining in captivity may still suffer—demands that. For even with due allowance for attitudes toward an enemy more generally acceptable in the East, the record of the North Koreans and Chinese Communists on war prisoners is deplorable. Instead of inducing the UN to make concessions it should steel the Allied negotiators to a new degree of firmness. Without an acceptable accounting and disposition of all the UN prisoners now in Communist hands, no real agreement is in sight.

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SENATOR KNOWLAND

THE political writers who have commented on Senator William Knowland's new role as floor leader of the Senate have been unanimous in one thing: it will be a difficult role to fill. Mr. Knowland must attempt to continue that modus vivendi between the liberal and conservative, the internationalist and nationalist, wings of the Republican Party which Senator Taft almost miraculously achieved. But, lacking his predecessor's unprecedented stature and prestige, the Senator from California may find such an accomplishment as impossible to maintain in fact as it always seemed in theory.

Fortunately, Mr. Knowland will assume his role with certain advantages. A "liberal" Republican in most domestic matters and an internationalist in foreign affairs, he can count on a large measure of support from the Democratic opposition. And, as the most outspoken defender of Chiang Kai-shek in the Senate, he can hope for some sympathy from those among his colleagues for whom devotion to Chiang is the test of American patriotism. We wish him wisdom, temperance, and, given these, success.

WHO IS "TAINTED"?

FOR some time now the Los Angeles City Board of Education has been waging valiant warfare against the United Nations. At the beginning of the year the Board banned a UNESCO pamphlet, "The *E* in UNESCO," from use in the city's schools. Last month it rejected a $335,000 Ford Foundation grant for teacher-training.

Some articulate Catholics have been overjoyed by the Board's decisions. The official newspaper of the Los Angeles Archdiocese, for example, praised it for consigning the UNESCO pamphlet "to the wastebasket of rejected global-conscious themes." Another Catholic newspaper, published in the Middle West, is happy with the Board for its new effort toward keeping "the local schools free from the taint of UNESCO, anti-nationalist and pro-world government propaganda."

These enemies of UNESCO, these "one-hundred-per cent Americans," are, obviously, entitled to their opinions. We do not dispute their right to express scorn for the "do-gooders," the "one-worlders," and the "bleeding hearts" on any and every possible occasion. We have, indeed, long since grown used to their doing so. What disturbs us is when they interpret their own position as the only possible position for a "real" American. And what disturbs us even more is when the Catholics among them seek to imply that their anti-"internationalist" position has something to do with Catholicism.

Giuseppe Angelo Cardinal Roncalli, Apostolic Pro-Nuncio to France and official observer of the Holy See at UNESCO, preached before the assembled delegates to the Seventh General Conference of UNESCO in Paris last December. Recalling Pope Pius XII's words that Catholics, above all others, should "feel themselves called upon to overcome their national feelings and to strive for fraternal union among the nations," Cardinal Roncalli stated that the steps which Catholics have made toward UNESCO "since this promising institution appeared on the international scene" have been in obedience to Papal directives.

The Cardinal reminded the delegates that Catholics, made wise with the wisdom of the Church, should have a valuable contribution to make to the world organization: "In its search for more practical and effective means of achieving its lofty ideals of education, science, and universal culture, UNESCO will embark upon many varied and attractive paths. . . . By means of his counsels and practical efforts, the Catholic will be able to contribute that wisdom, that energy, that seasoning . . . . which preserves from corruption and which assures the permanence and the goodness of its successes."

Now, we do not expect that the Los Angeles School Board, anxious to preserve the city's young from "the taint of UNESCO, anti-nationalist and pro-world Government propaganda," will be moved by the Cardinal's words to follow Papal directives in the matter of international cooperation. But we do

NEXT WEEK

SEAN O'FAOLAIN tells of his visit to the Italian stigmatic, Padre Pio.

"In the open space before the monastery were long-distance buses, a few motor cars; a taxi with a wheelchair strapped on top; and a pair of crutches stuck out of the window of another. Pilgrims hung about as patient as dray horses. They were waiting for the holy man to come out, hear confessions and say Mass. Inside it was much more like a Chekhov picture. There was a continual jostle in the dusty corridors. I could not make out what people were doing there. I doubt if they knew. In what looked like a sacristy there was a babbling mob. I came, and went, and came and went, and always it was the same. Then, suddenly the holy man appeared, a bearded Capuchin of about sixty-two, brown-robed, brown-eyed, stern-looking, rotund, thrusting his way through the crowd that surged about him, trying to touch his garment, blessing him with excited cries. . . . And then a queer incident occurred."

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wish that in the light of them certain Catholics would cease and desist from their efforts to identify their own anti-UNESCO position with the cause of the Church.

It cannot be so identified. On the contrary, if there is such a thing as a "Catholic" position on the UNESCO question it lies in the opposite direction—the direction of encouragement and cooperation. Unless, of course, Cardinal Roncalli, and he whom he represents, have somehow been "tainted" too.

FREER TRADE

THE business world has been for decades the despair of professors of economics, who send their fledglings out into the marts of commerce free traders only to have them return to the campus (for class reunions) invariably dyed-in-the-wool protectionists. But the high tariff phalanx is breaking up. The number of business leaders who in recent months have gone on record for "more liberal trade policies" is imposing. They are men with products to sell in foreign markets and they have come to realize that in the last analysis such sales have somehow to be coupled with American imports. A Committee for a National Trade Policy, now in process of formation, is to serve as a focus for these new sentiments on the part of American businessmen.

The growth of such sentiments is also reflected in current Congressional debates. It undoubtedly was what enabled the Eisenhower Administration to secure extension of the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act without crippling amendments. And it may also explain the new Customs Simplifications Act which is so welcome in European business circles for having cut down materially the red tape formerly involved in trading with the United States. Our free trade economics professors may be vindicated yet.

"CHRISTIAN EUROPE"

AMERICAN policy in Europe has for the past five years hinged upon the cooperation of a French government whose foreign ministry, and frequently its prime ministry, have been held by the MRP—a party of Roman Catholic inspiration; upon a German government headed by Konrad Adenauer, a Catholic, and the Christian Democratic Party—predominantly Roman Catholic; and upon an Italian government in the hands of the wholly Roman Catholic Christian Democrats. "Christian Europe," such as it is, has been the Europe of America.

Now Chancellor Adenauer is threatened in the coming elections. DeGasperi is out, although his weakened party holds the government. Commentators play the dirge of "Christian Europe."

The idea popular in this country during the war was that the future belonged to the left. There would be a Socialist Europe, it was said, and America would do well to ride the tide of the future. As things worked out, Europe turned instead to the philosophy of Christian Democracy, a wedding of Christianity with the democratic spirit, built and nourished for years by a few prophets, Luigi Sturzo, Maritain; vitalized by the terror and gunfights, the pamphlets and dungeons of Occupation and Resistance.

And the Christian Democrats rebuilt Europe in a new spirit of unity. They joined their resources and projected a common army to stand against the Soviets. They met the postwar crisis and were battered in the process, and it is not surprising that they are now weakened; responsibility exacts its political price. The Socialists, without responsibility, toyed sometimes with neutralism, and sometimes acted as though they cared more for Socialism than for Europe.

Now the scene changes. Momentum is gone from the American-Christian Democratic policy of political unity and military strength. The European Defense Community project is sinking slowly. New Russian policies have opened enticing—if totally vague—new possibilities of international settlement. Anti-Americanism grows.

What is Europe's alternative? There's the rub. Some talk of a negotiated settlement with Russia—more pollyanna than politics in the light of recent Soviet history. Some talk of "left-center" governments, a Socialist Europe.

Well, perhaps that will come about. But it is dreamy nonsense to pretend, as some writers do, that Socialist Europe could automatically solve what Christian Europe could not. The problems do not disappear. There is still economic stalemate in France; there is still unemployment in Italy; there is still a division of Europe with rebelling workers in East Germany, Czechoslovakia and Poland. There is still an aggressive, pushing, totalitarian Soviet Union. And the Socialists thus far have offered no very remarkable answers to these problems. On the central problem of relations with Russia, European Socialism has varied from the courage of Berlin's Reuter, through the double-standard rationalizations of Britain's Bevan, to the fellow-traveling of Italy's Nenni. The Socialist problem would seem to be a philosophical one: What comes first, the crisis or the ideology?

If European voters are indeed to turn left, still a speculation, one may hope that the Socialists will answer that basic question, and will reward voters

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with as much self-consuming honesty as has been shown by the Christian Democrats.

GERMAN NEGOTIATIONS

EVERYBODY is talking about East-West negotiations but nobody is doing much about them —least of all the Soviet Union. The long-delayed Western notes proposing talks on Germany, aimed at unification, were sent last month, after the close of the foreign ministers' conference. Russia's reply has now come. The Soviets accept; but bury their acceptance in layers of the old propaganda noise. They say "One cannot expect anything from such [Western] proposals. . . ." The Russians suggest bringing Communist China in on the talks and make familiar assertions about United States bases in Western Europe and about general disarmament.

The sum of the Russian reply appears to be an attempt to make the West take responsibility for refusing talks the Soviet Union does not want.

This, coupled with the H-Bomb announcement, the Beria trial, and Malenkov's new concessions to Russian consumers, looks very much like an attempt to stall. Malenkov seems to be playing for time—time to quiet the trouble in the satellites, time to increase popular support in the Soviet Union, time to strengthen Soviet military power. It would seem, then, that this is also the time to press Russia on the German question, and to offer terms on which we would accept unification.

The change in Russia has not been one of temper so much as one of strength. Malenkov obviously has some things worrying him.

THE NEW ABSOLUTE

PREMIER Malenkov's quiet boast that the United States no longer has a monopoly on the hydrogen bomb was inevitable. Perhaps, as some informed observers believe, Malenkov's announcement is a bluff; but all seem to agree that even if it is not yet a fact we have no reason for believing that a Russian H-bomb will not soon be hatched. The only realistic response to the Malenkov announcement is to act on the presumption that it is true.

What does the hydrogen bomb mean? It means an explosive force a thousand times as destructive as an ordinary atom bomb. And what does an atom bomb mean? It used to mean the force that brought hell to earth at Hiroshima and Nagasaki, but that was eight years ago. Now we are making bigger and better A-bombs which, the experts say, dwarf the original models.

Like the doctrine of hell, infinitely horrible, the fact of nuclear warfare, for most of us, is hard to grasp. And there is the same human tendency to reject it as no more than a fearsome hypothesis. Still, if one studies Hiroshima and Nagasaki and then multiplies that horror by a hundred, by a thousand, perhaps soon by a million, the mind begins to grasp dimly what the instincts and emotions reject.

"This is not the time for panic," the newspapers are forever telling us. But the advice seems unnecessary. No one we know seems very panicky. The only ones who speak in extremes are those nuclear scientists, sober men, who keep trying in vain to impress upon the rest of us the full terror that has come from their laboratories. But the newspapers are right, of course; panic would be disastrous. That does not mean, though, that we can go on thinking like pre-atomic age innocents. When we say "Give me liberty or give me death" now, we should know whereof we speak. We can no longer use that noble sentiment as a mere rhetorical flourish—total death is too imminent a possibility. And in total death there is no liberty.

Our work, then, is to preserve liberty while we stave off total death. That means often that we have to be satisfied with less-than-totalities along the way —partial military victories, for instance; "police actions" instead of total wars; the maddening, frustrating disappointments of "diplomatic methods" rather than the full clean sweep of armies surrendering unconditionally; the ambiguities of political warfare rather than the absolute superiority that goes with unquestioned military power. In the H-bomb age there are no more total victories: we have to live in a world where the only victory is partial defeat, and that surely is the hardest pill to swallow.

Those who have grasped the meaning of nuclear warfare may perforce sound timid and wavering in the presence of the men who demand final absolute solutions—the "total victory," "unconditional surrender," etc. But it is to the former that we look for real salvation. The A-bomb—and now the H-bomb —introduced a new absolute, and they never lose sight of that fact. While their critics bitterly find fault with them as "appeasers," "compromisers," etc., they are the ones who have held the free world together, betraying neither the cause of liberty nor yet courting total death. It is part of the Age of Irony that their critics—who like to set themselves up as the besieged "moral" surrounded by shabby "relativists"—would have served neither end. Their only contribution so far has been to make life difficult for those who walk with fear and trembling, dreading, as well they might, the one false step that would set off the awful horror, while they seek out the road to peace.

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The Catholic Assimilationist

"HE BELIEVES IMPLICITLY IN THE GOODNESS OF ALL WINDS, WAVES AND CURRENTS."

ERIK VON KUEHNELT–LEDDIHN

THE basic, positive motives of the Catholic Reactionary and of the Catholic Assimilationist, curiously enough, are identical. They both want to "save" the Church. The Reactionary, dealt with in a preceding article [issue of June 19, 1953], is overimpressed with the power of Satan and his cohorts. He has not grasped the nature of the Catholic's abiding mission to take possession of this world entrusted to us by God, to depose the false Prince of this world and inaugurate the rule of Christ the King. The Catholic Assimilationist, on the other hand, believes the only salvation is for the Church to throw herself at the mercy of all the dazzling and dynamic movements of the times. Whereas the ideal of the Catholic Reactionary is a Church eternally at anchor (if not in dry-dock), the Catholic Assimilationist is in favor of letting her drift on the high seas of history. He believes implicitly in the goodness of all winds, waves and currents.

The dark suspicion of a perennial diabolical conspiracy against all real values is characteristic of the Catholic Reactionary; a naive belief in the intrinsic worth and excellence of almost the whole contemporary scene is the central dogma of the Assimilationist. The sneering arrogance, the narrow "monopolism" of the Reactionary is balanced by the melancholic inferiority complex of the Assimilationist. The latter, moreover, is tortured by a profound perplexity: he has to accept the fact that all basic truths are part and parcel of the Deposit of the Faith, yet everything noble, everything worthwhile, everything pointing to the future seems to grow outside of the walls of the Catholic fold. With our correct premises we Catholics have done very little, he believes; we are forever backing the wrong horse. In the two thousand years of our history about all we have done, in his view, was to persecute the Jews in the Middle Ages, produce lecherous popes in the Renaissance, pander to degenerate monarchs during the *ancien régime,* favor Fascism, illiteracy, child labor, capitalism, disease, and backwardness, withhold civic rights from women, mix religion with politics and carry corruption to the four corners of the world. The seed of Revelation and Dogma, so the Assimilationist sadly decides, has ripened only *in partibus infidelium*. He looks with envious eyes toward Protestant societies, leftist movements and to doctrines and ideas found at a considerable distance from our faith. The Bill of Rights, the Declaration of Independence, *Das Kapital, J'accuse, Totem and Tabu* were not written by Catholic authors. All liberating, progressive, constructive, humane movements and ideas in the last three hundred years grew outside the fold!

YET to say a word in defense of the Catholic Assimilationist, it should be admitted that all Catholic failures—and undeniably there were and still are many—belong to the category of the *skándalon* (in the theological sense), while the non-Catholic shortcomings do not. Looking at the political aspects of the problem, we have to recognize that the leftist movements before and after the French Revolution and the religious and political aberrations of the last two thousand years actually have to be evaluated as Christian heresies; they are inconceivable without their Catholic roots. (An exception is National Socialism, whose racist aspect is a synthesis of Old Testament notions with the pseudo-science of the biological laboratory.) Whether we are concerned with Jacobinism or sectarian liberalism, with the more moderate Marxism of the West or the aggressive Marxism of the East, without a Christian origin, a Christian "soil," these ideologies could never have blossomed forth. The Inquisitors knew but too well that only the corruption of the best can result in the worst; therefore they acted against those adopting heretical views with a severity absent in their dealings with those who were not Christian at all—with Jews and pagans. Still, the Catholic Assimilationist, trying with the fervor of despair to put his faith under the same denominator as the dynamic collectivistic forces of the day, is actually being faced with a rather tempting proposition: he is building a bridge from ideas and notions fundamentally and solidly Christian to views and trends

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which, one reluctantly has to admit, have Christian roots and a Christian "prehistory."

To the Catholic Reactionary these efforts seem monstrous, because in the leftist movements he sees merely the anti-ecclesiastic fixations and, what matters to him less, the anti-Christian admixtures. No wonder he is convinced of the Assimilationist's bad faith; after all, a man or a woman emphasizing individual human rights when the whole community is in danger, a person habitually looking for inspiration among the infidels or exulting over the grain of truth he finds in the theories and teachings of heretics, "radicals," "liberals," "Reds," "modernists," "progressives," etc., can only be a traitor or an opportunist. To the Reactionary such self-denying efforts remain anathema, and this for the reason that as a partisan of his Church he rejects heresies and philosophic aberrations as conflicting with "regulations"—and not essentially as errors. To err is human. Man is neither angel nor beast, but the Catholic Reactionary tries very hard to be a beastly angel. The Assimilationist, on the other hand, dreams of baptizing all leftist movements and ideas from the notions of Tom Paine to the doctrine of Lenin. But heresies, like the heretics themselves, do not stand in need of baptism. What they need is "*con*-version" or "*re*-version." Only persons or things pagan can be "baptized"—at least in so far as they are "natural" and not diabolic.

THE Catholic Reactionary has to be viewed as the presumptuous and priggish-prudish product of the Church, hiding a personal inferiority complex under the mask of aggressiveness. The Assimilationist, on the contrary, is the sad son of the Church who has shouldered the heavy burden of the Cross, which to him is anything but a sweet yoke. If he meets non-Catholics, the uncharitable, confused apologetics of the Reactionary become in his mouth shyly muttered apologies. And while the Reactionary is fully convinced he is the backbone and glory of the Church, the Assimilationist finds himself in the sorrowful role of a stepchild. This state of affairs can well be explained by the fact that rarely are there theological principles motivating Catholic Reaction, a cancerous growth connected with the *ecclesiastic* structure. But roots of Catholic Assimilationism reach into much deeper layers, since Assimilationism is a strategic mistake on a *theological* basis.

Thus it is difficult to attack the Reactionary with arguments drawn from Papal documents. Seemingly an injustice is here being perpetrated; from Rome the Assimilationist frequently receives severe injunctions or admonitions, whereas, we have to confess, there are no solemn pronouncements of the Supreme Pontiff against prudishness or a "Catholic" lack of charity. (Hence the unique character of the Boston Heresy Case, which received attention on the highest level since, in spite of its Reactionary and rigorist aspect, it dealt with theological rather than with ecclesiastic issues.)

While the Catholic Reactionary, sinning against fundamental Christian precepts, will get his just reward largely on the other side of the grave, the Assimilationist, often a tragic rather than comic figure, spends much of his life under a cloud of suspicion. And if, unlike Lamennais, Buonaiuti or Loisy, who finally went over the deep end, he remains loyal to the Church, the unkind treatment meted out to him will also decrease his pride in his faith and accentuate his sense of personal tragedy. Should he really be shaken in his religious convictions the Reactionaries around him will be filled with glee and ill-concealed

satisfaction. "I told you so," they will explain joyfully, and emphasize the need for "greater watchfulness" and the necessity to "tighten the ranks"—which, in reality, means the tightening of a strait jacket around the Mystical Body. Nor should it be forgotten that while the Reactionary is treated by the world with a mixture of loathing and amusement, the Assimilationist is approached with a complete absence of respect if not with contempt. His bridge-building efforts are thoroughly misunderstood and he appears as a man who lacks the courage to sever the last ties with a "backward Church."

HERE, however, is the place again to remind the reader of the old temptation facing the Church —the temptation to use sheer force in order to establish God's Kingdom on earth. We mentioned Peter and the ear of Malchus in the preceding article. And it is Peter, Christ's first Vicar on earth, who all

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through the ages is the constant despair of the Assimilationist. No wonder, because, like the Reactionary, the Assimilationist is a perfectionist who never becomes reconciled to the fact that the Catholic Church is the Petrine Church.

For better or worse, there is no such thing as a Johannean or Pauline Church. Christ, for reasons of His own, chose Peter as His representative and gave Him the Power of the Keys. Peter, our first Holy Father, to whom Our Lord once had addressed the memorable words, "Get thee behind me, Satan," was not, as far as we can see, the most saintly of the apostles. He was a liar, a hypocrite and almost an assassin. The painful memories of the Malchus incident, the crowing cock and the too highly "diplomatic" behavior in Antioch accompany the history of Holy Mother Church through the ages. Peter is *pêcheur et pécheur, piscator et peccator,* fisherman and sinner. Catholics emphatically are not a sect of perfectionists. We form the Church of saints and sinners.

Yet whereas the Reactionary tries to deny all the blemishes on the face of the Church, the Assimilationist uses them to bolster up the Great Catholic Inferiority Complex and thus ends up by denying that we have any right whatsoever to pass judgment on other ideologies or movements. We all know the version of history so popular among the Reactionaries according to which every downfall of the Church, every setback and calamity, has been due merely to the evil conspiracies of dark conventicles, secret societies and satanic individuals—a version bolstered up by a whole class of "historians" in English-speaking countries who are a trifle too eager to offset the ill-effects of the Froude-Kingsley-Prescott-Lea-Macaulay school of historiography. Yet our Assimilationist prefers to be fooled by these classic anti-Catholic propagandists rather than by the good Catholic *terribles simplificateurs* whose books were stuffed down his throat during college years. How presumptuous of the epigones of Torquemada, he would exclaim, brazenly to condemn these misguided idealists of the Old World who with the help of the guillotine, the gas-chamber and the bullet in the nape of the neck occasionally have engaged in social engineering. They may have erred, but so have we. At least they have tried to ride the waves of the future. All we have done was to help put the clock back.

A naive partisanship, as we can see, is by no means the monopoly of the Reactionary. Hell-bent upon establishing the Kingdom of God with mechanical means, either by well-organized pressure groups or the successful invocation of the secular arm, he is a miserable psychologist. The doctrinaire liberals are wrong in believing that the spirit will always prevail against brute force. Yet the terror and brutality necessary to establish and uphold a lasting order against an intelligent and serious opposition is something not even our Catholic Reactionary could tolerate. The Assimilationist, on the other hand, trying to tie the Church to secular ideologies is a bad philosopher and theologian.

God protect us from Cardinal Seguras residing in Mineola and Wurzburg, from Catholic doctors wanting to save mankind by "applied psychiatry," from "disciplinarians" who want to improve morals by Spanish bathing-beach regulations or by the tightening up of "film codes" prohibiting the screen representation of twin beds if there is not a mahogany night table with a piece of Barclay Street religious art between them. God protect us also from political theorists who believe that a cocktail of Vitoria, Robespierre, Sarat, Robert Bellarmine, Karl Marx, Ozanam, Lenin, Saint Augustine, C. D. H. Cole and William of Occam would be just right to safeguard the existence of a new Catacomb Church trying modestly and coyly to climb to the surface. God protect us from a whole crop of de Maistres and de Bonalds preaching the eternal unity and inseparable marriage of the Catholic faith with monarchy, aristocratic oligarchy, or "free enterprise"—but no less from their modern counterparts, the de Maistres and de Bonalds of Europe's "Restoration" in 1945 who insist that the Church should "identify" herself with the combined causes of 1688, 1789 and 1848 if not with some sort of revived *Front Populaire.* God protect us from the rule of bankers, manufacturers and women's clubs, but also from regimentation by trade unionists aided by "scientific planners."

THE fact remains that neither the Reactionary nor the Assimilationist is firmly anchored in Rome. Both have their hearts in Johannite Geneva. The Reactionary in his views on the nature of man is a descendant of Maitre Jehan; the Assimilationist is a disciple of Jean-Jacques. Yet the Assimilationist is a masochist rather than a sadist, whereas the Reactionary, if we want to draw our metaphors from the realm of sex aberrations, is given to rape rather than to prostitution. Still, it would be a great mistake to see in the Catholic Reactionary a purely male, and in the Assimilationist a female phenomenon. There is a good deal of prudish, old-maidish demureness and spiteful, female obstinacy characterizing the Reactionary, whereas the Assimilationist manifests an impractical idealism and lack of realism, which are typically male handicaps.

Yet at heart both are illiberal; both are enemies of freedom—the Assimilationist with his implicit urge to tie down his faith and his Church to secular movements and interests, if not to fashions and fads; the Reactionary with his double complex of active and passive persecution. In their own ways these two cry-babies are both subject to the world and the spirit

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of time, because they have apostatized from the essence of Christianity, which is sovereignty and freedom, i.e. the stand above time and space which alone promises the mastery of history. The Assimilationist has failed because he got stuck in a given historical period and is now being carried away by the currents of "contemporary thought," while the Reactionary fervently wants to represent the cliff on which the vessels of iniquity will be wrecked. He then rashly assumes that this cliff, on which many a fine little boat has foundered, is identical with the Rock of Saint Peter.

IT IS difficult to say which one of these two fellows has caused more damage. The Assimilationist, doubtless, sows confusion among some of the faithful, whereas the Reactionary is the live obstacle which prevents so many good people from joining the Church. Not only his views, but frequently also his "irreproachable conduct," exude an aura of holy terror. We can be quite sure that the wicked Renaissance popes did less damage to the Church than the "purifying flame" of the stake.

The Reactionary, owing to his permanent residence within the walls of the Ghetto, is rarely changing the objectives of his wrathful attacks, while the Assimilationist with his entangling alliances shifts from one enthusiasm to another. Here the law of the vicious circle has always made itself felt in all its iniquity. If, as in France (and even in England!) on one end of the Catholic camp, the Reactionaries actively engaged in the immoral silliness of *Antidreyfusisme,* the Assimilationists on the other had decided to make common cause with the intellectual left-overs of the French Revolution . . . and, a generation later, to feast with the supporters of that international body which behind the façade of a "Worker's Party" has actually established the most terrible tyranny in all history.

All this does not invalidate the fact that the Catholic Assimilationist in his attitude is representing a half-truth. He is right in assuming that bridges can be built where such a thing is feasible, i.e., to islands which geographically can be considered to belong to the Continent of the Faith. The Pope also is a *Pontifex Maximus,* a Supreme Bridgebuilder, if we translate this term in a literal sense.

But the Assimilationist ought to be told that though it is legitimate and often a real duty to talk to the "others" even if they are declared enemies, one arranges such meetings on the bridge. Only in the rarest of all cases does one enter their camp. Even if they are temporarily most successful, one has to remember the lines of A. L. Thomas:

Le temps sera pour vous
—l'éternité pour nous.

Unity in The Making

THE latest is a story that John L. Lewis, Dave Beck and Dave McDonald are plotting the formation of a third labor federation. Under a Washington dateline such a story appeared in the *Boston Globe* on July 22. It was written by John Herling of the Editors' Syndicate.

I don't believe it. Or let me put it this way. John L. and the two Daves may have plotted any number of things, including a scheme to blow up the White House, but I don't think that McDonald and Beck are going to be able to swing their members out of the CIO and AFL respectively into any brave new world of Lewis' making.

John L. can do anything he wants with his coal miners. He has proved that by leading them out of the AFL into the CIO, out of the CIO into independent status, out of independent status into the AFL, and out of the AFL back to independent status, all in the space of eighteen thrill-packed years.

It would seem to be the CIO's turn again, just on a rotation basis, and there is in fact another story going around to the effect that the meetings between Lewis and McDonald are a warm-up for the miners' return to the CIO, where they might tip the numerical balance in favor of the Steelworker president's faction as against that of Walter Reuther, the new CIO president.

History taught me long ago not to make predictions about what John L. Lewis was or was not going to do.

But I feel a little safer in hazarding forecasts about the Steelworkers and the Teamsters, both of whom have presidents who are less than a year in the saddle and still concerned with saddlesores.

Dave Beck is a Lewis type—in ability, energy, ruthlessness, and impatience with any form of opposition. He has the teamsters of the eleven western states in his pocket and they would doubtless follow him into the Pacific Ocean if he said the word. But he has not had time to establish that same kind of control over the rest of the country and there are those who would stoutly resist any move to lead the Teamsters out of the AFL.

The Teamsters are presently running around one million two hundred thousand members and growing. Beck has been making overtures to the Brewery Workers, CIO, and eleven brewery locals in New York and New Jersey with about ten thousand members have al-

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ready jumped the reservation and joined up with Beck's union. He is also organizing warehousemen, farm workers, factory hands and anything else you can mention.

Not only are the Teamsters by far the largest union in the AFL but they are also the most powerful economically. There is no way to impress an employer—almost any employer—more quickly than to cut off his source of supply. A strike of truckdrivers does that. And if the truckdrivers simply respect another union's picket line, that also does it.

The AFL brass is not going to let the Teamsters go without a struggle. They need them too much. And I doubt if Dan Tobin is going to let them go without a struggle. Dan is the seventy-eight-year-old president

emeritus, and czar emeritus, of the Teamsters. He has retained his seat on the AFL executive council as fourth vice-president and he still has plenty of pep and plenty of influence in his own union. I doubt if Beck would risk a floor fight with old Dan on this issue at a Teamsters convention, and my truckdriver friends tell me that Beck could not pull the union out of the AFL unless he first takes it to a convention.

THAT leaves McDonald and the Steelworkers. McDonald is neither a Lewis nor a Beck. He is an able, good-looking man who has lived and worked for so long in the shadow of his old boss, the late Phil Murray, that no one is quite sure how he is going to work out as boss in his own right. He too has a powerhouse union with over a million members. Half the people you talk to tell you he is still on the outs with Walter Reuther and the other half tell you that is a lot of nonsense.

The Steelworkers are even more closely wedded to the CIO than the Teamsters to the AFL. The steel union is strictly a CIO production. Its late beloved president Murray was virtually Mr. CIO for twelve years. It has sunk millions into CIO projects. Its officers are running state and city CIO councils all over the country. Like Beck, McDonald would have to convince a convention of his union's leaders in order to pull them into any new line-up, and my Steelworker friends confirm my own feeling that it just isn't in the cards.

Frankly, I doubt if McDonald and Beck have any such idea themselves. They are too smart. I have another explanation for these talks, as follows:

The movement toward AFL-CIO unity has speeded up greatly in the past few months. In June, top leaders of the AFL and CIO came to an informal agreement on a no-raiding pact that would go into effect next January first if okayed by conventions of the two organizations in the fall. Officers of the following unions have also been having talks with a view to no-raiding pacts of their own, and in some cases have discussed merger: the aforementioned Teamsters, AFL, and Brewery Workers, CIO; the Machinists, AFL, and Reuther's own Auto Workers, CIO; the Amalgamated Meatcutters and Butcher Workmen, AFL, and the Packinghouse Workers, CIO; the Electrical Workers, AFL, and the Utility Workers, CIO. And perhaps the most sensational evidence of the new unity spirit: Joe Curran, president of the CIO's National Maritime Union, recently exchanged several letters that were positively dripping with fraternal affection with his old enemy Harry Lundeberg, head of the AFL's Seafarers International Union.

In short, you don't have to have a very sharp nose to smell unity in the air. John L. Lewis, Dave Beck and Dave McDonald have as sharp noses as any and perhaps a little more ambition than most. In my opinion they are simply casting about for new allies come the day that American labor will be one big happy squalling brawling family.

THE STATE MOVES ONTO THE DOCKS

JACKALS have sharp noses too and they can smell a sick wolf a long way off. And so Anthony (Tough Tony) Anastasia, brother to Albert Anastasio, chairman of the board of Murder, Inc., has announced that he will promote a merger of eleven Brooklyn locals of the International Longshoremen's Association, AFL.

This is an open challenge to the wavering leadership of Joe Ryan, ILA president-for-life who doesn't look as though he's going to make it—for life, that is. The man is already under indictment for stealing union funds. And he faces an ultimatum from the AFL to clean up the ILA, an Augean stable that would tax the detergent skills of more than Hercules, or have his union's charter yanked. Since this probably means re-

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moving himself from the presidency, Joe's future can only be described as not bright.

The New York State Crime Commission recently opened a few windows in the stable and let the public get a whiff of the smell. The resulting disgust has now pushed two identical and rather drastic bills through the New York and New Jersey legislatures.

These set up a two-man commission which, starting December first, will practically run the docks. It will run the hiring halls where the longshoremen must go to get work and it will determine what longshoremen may and may not register for work. I have not seen the text of the bill, but they tell me it is based on the recommendations of the Crime Commission, which read: "No person should be registered as a dock worker (1) who has been convicted of a felony or certain named misdemeanors, unless permitted to do so by the [commission], or (2) whose presence on the waterfront will endanger the public peace, safety and welfare."

The commission will also license or refuse to license stevedoring companies, pier superintendents, hiring foremen, and pier watchmen, and the conditions upon which these licenses may be granted, refused or revoked are even more strict than those affecting the longshoremen.

Finally, the bills abolish the system of "public loaders," a system peculiar to the New York port whereby various unsavory characters force trucking companies to use their services for loading freight from pier to truck, and then charge them exorbitant fees for this often-undesired service. The system has more often been described as a racket.

The degree of control which the bills give the two states over the lives of men on the waterfront is extreme, but then the mess on the waterfront is extreme and probably demands extreme measures.

Those who say that the government should limit itself to assisting the rank-and-file longshoremen clean up the mess themselves ought to look more closely at Mr. Anastasia's move for power. Unfortunately, the only kind of opposition to Ryan that shows any real strength is the type represented by Tough Tony, a kind of competition among mobs. Of the sixty locals in New York a few are led by decent men, but as the Apostles said about the loaves and fishes, what are these among so many? It would take a miracle to make them go around.

Before there can be any effective action by the rank-and-file it is necessary to break control of the waterfront by the mobs, it is necessary to stop the murders, the bombings, the railroadings, the thievery, the loan-sharking, the blackmail and intimidation. This cannot be done overnight and it cannot be done with a slap on the wrist.

Some of us have waited a long time for this.

JOHN C. CORT.

THE SCREEN

GENTLEMEN-RANKERS ON A SPREE

THE most startling thing about the film version of "From Here to Eternity" is the way its script has condensed an 860-page book into a 121-minute movie. The screenplay, expertly written by Daniel Taradash, accomplishes this feat not only by omitting those four-letter words which make up such a large part of James Jones' vocabulary but also by telescoping incidents and characters so that the essence of the overwritten novel is retained without Jones' insistence on repetition and the driving home of a point until its every angle is exhausted. Although the horrible stockade scenes are not visualized (thank goodness) and Maggio is the only one of the principal characters who lands in this hell hole, the brand of brutality practiced in this prison is by no means passed over lightly. And while many of the book's minor characters are dropped, the movie still succeeds in giving a realistic and shocking picture of army life at Schofield Barracks in Hawaii in 1941.

All of which leads to the next most startling fact about "From Here to Eternity"—that it was made into a movie at all. It presents such a dour picture of army life, with such low moral values, that full well might one question its worth as a commentary on what goes on in a barracks.

However it must become obvious to anyone seeing the film (even those impressed with the Kipling line that Jones uses in his dedication of his book to the United States Army: "And the lives ye led were mine") that this is a one-sided picture of army life—a portrait that concentrates pretty heavily on sex, brutality and material selfishness. The characters' occasional spiritual flights, indicated through courage and a sense of justice, are almost smothered in hopeless despair. A man like Prewitt, who gets such a raw deal from those above him, has little chance for redress in an army caste system as strict as that portrayed in "From Here to Eternity." But even a man like Prewitt, who takes the law into his own hands and murders the sergeant responsible for Maggio's death, returns to fight against the common enemy.

Perhaps what makes "From Here to Eternity" such a controversial movie is that in spite of its dark themes of despair and its unpleasant atmosphere, it is outstanding as a movie. Fred Zinnemann, who handled "High Noon" so realistically and "The Member of the Wedding" so sensitively, has directed this film in a straightforward manner, without editorial comment—in so far as this is possible with an instrument as selective as the cinema camera. Many of his scenes have that quality of vivid reality that draws one into the picture even though

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one cannot project himself into the story. Buddy Adler's production with its barracks backgrounds and Honolulu locale are beautifully photographed; and his good cast respond to Zinnemann's direction with performances so praiseworthy that it is difficult to name any one as the picture's best.

Burt Lancaster, who has played a tough sergeant before, comes through in excellent shape as Sergeant Warden, who is army through and through. He is willing to break the rules, but when he draws a line of fairness, he sticks by it. As Prewitt, the private who refuses to box because he once blinded a man, Montgomery Clift displays a depth and virility that he has not shown in the movies before. Firmly believing that a man has a right to go his own way, Prewitt bucks his officers by not boxing and as a consequence he gets what is known as "the treatment." He survives even that in his determination to retain his dignity. Although Prewitt is his own worst enemy and goes AWOL after killing the stockade sergeant, he wins the respect of the men and of Warden who says of him: "He was always a hard head, but he was a good soldier." Perhaps the biggest surprise of the film is the performance that Frank Sinatra gives as Maggio, "the little Wop"—funny and violent and sad, whose friendship with Prewitt is one of the finer things in the story.

Running simultaneously throughout the picture are two love affairs. Warden risks twenty years in Leavenworth by carrying on with his company commander's wife (played as a sexy blonde by Deborah Kerr); and Prewitt falls in love with a prostitute from the vaguely disguised New Congress Club. Donna Reed is excellent in this role of Alma who refuses to marry Prew because she doesn't want to be the wife of a soldier and whose big ambition is to be proper—"When you're proper, you're safe." While the film makes no pretence of defending its characters' behavior, it makes clear at the end of these affairs that soldiering is the first love of both Warden and Prewitt.

No doubt the story in "From Here to Eternity" needs to be told. In spite of James Jones' stirring story, however, I think the movie would have been more effective if its tone weren't so amoral. True it may be in part, but as a work of art, it errs by being as extreme as the pretty-pretty school. Or has the army admitted that we are "damned from here to eternity"?

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

COMMUNICATIONS

"THE CHURCH TODAY"

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editors: Nothing could better illustrate the basic lack of intellectual vigor or creativity in American Catholicism than the slavish enthusiasm now being lavished on the work of Cardinal Suhard and related imports from France. Father Weiss' review [July 24] is a typical example of this deplorable attitude.

There is no question of the late Cardinal's intellectual or spiritual stature, nor of the value of the work done by himself and others like him in France and Europe generally. But the thesis of the review's concluding paragraph, which maintains that the problems Cardinal Suhard deals with and his solutions are not particularly French but are universal, is demonstrably false, and its acceptance in American Catholic circles intellectually shameful.

The heart of Suhard's work, *Growth or Decline,* poses the problem of the Church in terms which indicate a basic and narrow historical and geographical conditioning. Talk of the "apostasy of the masses," the "collapsing" of the capitalist system, the need for an apostolate which "must be based primarily on the working class" and upon the "intellectuals," and the "paganism" of the country must and should have a hollow ring for anyone who has looked at American life with clear eyes and a mind uncluttered with preconceptions. We have our own problems in the realms of social justice and intellectual culture, but these are not their elements.

For instance—we are still not a pagan but a Christian nation, with a political stability unlike that of continental Europe. Father Bruckberger's recent observations on the American scene bear eloquent testimony to the startling fact, to Europeans at least, that we have escaped the full destructive tide of the Enlightenment and the evils to which it gave rise. Yet these are the origins of the problem to which Suhard addresses himself. Furthermore, the United States has still a fluid class structure, a high degree of social and geographical mobility, a popular culture which on the whole cuts across class lines, and a working class which, to the despair of all the ideologues, refuses to think of itself as such. The target of a realistic American apostolate is still primarily the middle-class Protestant of sorts, over-absorbed in his material success, rather than a formerly-Catholic worker turned pagan by the pressure of poverty and stagnation. . . .

Nor is this basic difference merely a question of America's being an aberration in a world of tomorrow, belonging to the self-conscious proletariat, in which the Church must incarnate herself if she is to grow. In their political legitimacy the Anglo-Saxon nations are perhaps unique, but in its social patterns the United States is the harbinger of the future, for these are the patterns of the technological revolution of the twentieth century. One may prefer wine to Coca-Cola, but the fact remains that for good or evil the "American Way of Life" has a natural tendency to follow modern technology in its speed throughout the world. The contrast

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between the expansive American economy and the restrictive French economy so often deplored by ECA officials may (dare one dream it?) have a cultural parallel, and, contrary to the plaint one often hears from spiritually expatriated Catholics, the Church in America may be a generation ahead of rather than a generation behind the Church in France.

As Father Ong noted in a recent number of *Thought*, the practice of American Catholicism has been far more independent, flexible, and insightful than has its intellectual formulations. We have a heritage of adaptation to the needs of the age to be proud of, but pride in the past and practical efficacy in the present is not enough. If American Catholics are to fill their role in the uncharted future of a world based on mass production and communication, we must understand what we have been and are doing in order to make the lessons afforded by our advanced position along the road to tomorrow available to others. Nothing could be a greater obstacle to this than accepting uncritically the solutions offered by a society strangling in the toils of the past, even if it is geographically nearer to Rome. . . .

VICTOR C. FERKISS.

"CATHOLIC SEPARATISM"

Notre Dame, Ind.

TO the Editors: Judging from their letters [July 24], Messrs. Clark and Ellis have gathered an impression from my article [June 26] that I advocate abolition of Catholic schools, hospitals, etc. Quite the contrary. Separatism is an attitude which can exist in the presence or absence of Catholic institutions. My major criticism of it is that this attitude effectively prevents diffusion of Catholic social thought throughout the United States. By all means, to paraphrase Mr. Clark, let us retain our schools, hospitals and hospices in the service of the Word. Having been trained in the service of the Word, let us then proceed to carry It beyond the confines of institutions prefixed with the adjective Catholic. That is the only kind of separatism I am in favor of abolishing.

Irish ancestry notwithstanding, I cannot agree that Irish Catholicism was more adapted to America than other European forms, as Mr. Clark states. At least I cannot do so without becoming ethnocentric. English and French Catholics, who preceded the Irish, had worked out a superior accommodation, as the Reverend Thomas McAvoy, C.S.C. has shown in his scholarly study: "Formation of the Catholic Minority in the United States, 1820-1860." (*The Review of Politics*, Jan. 1948, p. 13). If and when Irish Catholics are able to diffuse Catholic thought in this country as effectively as the celebration of St. Patrick's Day, I shall retract my statement.

JOHN J. KANE.

CHURCH UNITY

Anglicans And Reunion

JOHN M. TODD

"THE movement of the universal return to the Mother Church has—humanly speaking—not yet arrived, but Holy Church can make every effort to prepare for such a return. In some sense such a preparation for the reception of those that return is as indispensable, though in a different way, as their preparation for their homecoming." This is the last sentence of the Rev. W. H. Van de Pol's book *The Christian Dilemma* which has recently been translated into English, and published in England.

Father Van de Pol's comment is supremely applicable to England. And the necessity of preparation by Catholics themselves is becoming daily more urgent, both in England and in the United States.

Three trends are clearly visible in England. First, the Protestant Churches of all kinds are declining, but they are still strong and represent an important cultural and social tradition. Secondly, there is a movement towards unity amongst them. Knowledge of the ecumenical movement is growing; considerable publicity is given to the World Council of Churches. Thirdly, the Catholic Church is growing steadily stronger; it is becoming a group of importance, politically, economically and culturally, within the nation.

Father Van de Pol gives an excellent indication of the situation in his reference to the relationship of the Anglican Church to the ecumenical movement: "The Anglican Communion is itself the embodiment of the ecumenical dilemma which it appreciates and ponders over as does no other part of Christendom. This is why it is this particular communion that constantly reintroduces the ecumenical discussion and keeps it going, and why the contact between the Eastern Orthodox and the Old Catholic Churches on the one side and World Protestantism on the other, which exists in the ecumenical movement, would be unthinkable without the mediating influence of Anglicanism."

It might be well to emphasize the material position in England. The Anglicans are in possession of what are perhaps the most beautiful and also the most numerous—for the region which is concerned—parish churches in the whole world. In village after village, every few miles throughout the varied countryside of England, rolling downland, fertile vales, rough hill land, everywhere are these churches; and over each,

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or over every two or three in a group, presides an Anglican parson. So too in the market towns, where often there will be a majestic religious center, a miniature cathedral, or perhaps indeed a cathedral. And in the big towns, at the center of each district is an ancient gothic or more modern church.

In these churches is performed a vernacular liturgy which is now four hundred years old. The whole of it is modeled from the Mass or the Divine Office. Indeed, in many cases their services, though in the vernacular, reflect more truly the central Catholic conceptions than do those of the Catholic Church itself. In Catholic churches will be found most often a completely dumb dull crowd at Mass. And in the evening is a hodgepodge of devotional items far removed from the universal worship of the psalms which will be found at an Anglican evensong—modeled on Vespers, which are now so seldom heard in an English Catholic church. Though it must be added that

while Catholic churches are always crowded, Anglican churches seldom are.

It can be seen then how crucial the situation is. Theoretically, it is not necessary for Anglicans to abandon much, in substance, of their religious and liturgical traditions. But in practice no more than a handful of Catholics in England have given any thought to the possibilities which the future holds. In general it is still taken for granted that an Anglican must inevitably abandon everything, in submitting to Rome. The implication of this is that eventually the entire Anglican tradition must lapse into nothingness when the last Anglican finally submits. There is here a total lack of realism—not to speak of an extraordinary lack of charity and an ignorance of the Church's own traditions in such matters.

ONE of the prelates in England who understands this is the Abbot of Downside, Dom Christopher Butler. In an interview recently, following a meeting arranged by the Church Unity Octave, he said: "Catholics should combine complete loyalty to the See of Peter with extreme elasticity where administrative and cultural matters are concerned." He added that English Catholics needed to admit the good faith of Protestants; and that they needed to return to their own roots and to make more study of the Bible.

The Abbot emphasized that he thought discussions with Protestants would be most fruitful when they kept to the essentials. So often they get side-tracked. Such things as what we mean by "the Church" should be discussed. And the Abbot reinforced the words of Father Van de Pol. No more than the bare essentials should be demanded of Protestants. The implication seems clear that a complete vernacular liturgy and a married clergy would theoretically be possible.

The tradition of the Church is always to enable men to build the faith, to found the Church, within their own culture. They are not required to abandon their own traditions, not even all their own religious traditions. Africans may still dance on occasion, ritually. Indians may meditate, and Chinese retain some of the veneration for ancestors that has long been part of their tradition.

So it may be asked what could be found objectionable in the Christian traditions of the Quakers' silent meditation, the fervent stirring hymns of the Methodists, the dignified liturgy of the Anglicans? The answer is: almost nothing at all, except an occasional piece of anti-papistry which has been inserted. True there is something lacking; the fullness of the Faith is not there, the reliance on Our Lady is absent. But these the convert finds and enjoys when he submits.

Before anything can be achieved, a great work of mutual education has to be followed; we have to study the Protestant traditions. At last Catholic scholars in England are beginning to do this.

It may be well to end with five points which the Abbot of Downside put forward at the meeting referred to. These, he said, were five ways in which we should work for unity:

By prayer—earnest, trustful, persevering prayer. The kind of prayer that does not take no for an answer.

By mutual charity. Agreement is still far away between all Christians. But we can learn to acknowledge and respect each other's sincerity. "Judge not that you be not judged."

By seeking to understand one another. By removing prejudice, ignorance, error and misunderstanding.

By refusing to take short cuts which ignore objective truth.

By trying to understand deeply, truthfully, humbly, what the Gospel means. The history of the time when we were united may also throw light on our needs today.

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A Prelate Who Stood at the Center of His Times

THE LIFE OF ARCHBISHOP JOHN IRELAND. By James H. Moynihan. Harper. $5.

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

WHEN one thinks in retrospect of Archbishop John Ireland one says that if there has ever been a prelate in the United States who was by nature a "Prince of the Church" it was he whom Providence brought from Ireland to occupy during busy and often turbulent years the See of St. Paul. It is not merely that he was an intensely vital, always electrifying leader. No one would, I think, any longer find his sermons and addresses absorbing, but that is only so because they were so pertinent to their time. On the plain of ecclesiastical policy, this Archbishop was like Stonewall Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley. He could always get his words and ideas across the right mountain pass at the critical time. And, like unto Jackson in this respect also, he ran away from no battles but rather frequently sought them out.

His true greatness derives, however, from his ardent missionary zeal. Strange that anybody could have fancied that John Ireland was willing to compromise about a jot or tittle of the Catholic faith! This was, to his mind, destined to mold America spiritually, not in a mood of combat but of brotherhood and joy. It is no doubt true that his elan was too little tempered by that sense of the tragic in all life and history which comes more easily, perhaps, to a German or a Frenchman. But the flame burned in him tirelessly, and it made him magnificent and unforgettable. Naturally he was human, too, and the side of him which was guileless clerical vanity cannot be ignored.

To write a biography of a man of this character is very difficult, and I was agreeably surprised to find that Monsignor Moynihan has managed notably well. Admittedly the narrative now and then gets bogged down in minor marshes of detail, and there are times when the scent of incense is a bit strong. But on the whole the progress of the story through labyrinths of action and talk is skilfully maintained. Commendable also is the temperateness of Monsignor Moynihan's judgments. One can say with real satisfaction that this book, taken together with Father Colman Barry's *The Catholic Church and German Americans,* published almost simultaneously, makes it possible to survey a problematical period of the history of the Church in the United States with calm and insight.

The great issue during Ireland's time was whether to erect a series of ghettos inside which Catholics would live without fear of impairing their religious beliefs, or whether to plunge into the mainstream of American life in the hope of making that bear a spiritual cargo. It seemed then that those most interested in erecting ghettos were the German immigrants, who clung to their linguistic traditions and customs, in part at least because these were held to be safeguards of the faith. The Germans wanted parochial schools in which, wherever possible, German was also taught. But the Archbishop of St. Paul desired to build religious instruction right into the public school system. That started the argument, but in a short while the polemicists had meandered off in many directions until all manner of issues were raised which could sunder those who preserved, with some nostalgia, their European cultural heritage and those who longed to stake out a claim in America and start with a clean slate. All wrong was not on one side, nor all right on the other. Many things were said and written during the course of the fight which should never have seen the light of day. There were intrigues, some of them very human or even distressingly spiteful and mean. Ireland was not averse to fighting Satan with a blowtorch, and if he had to he could play ecclesiastical diplomatic poker with the best of them. Yet on the whole it is true that he covered himself with distinction and at least a part of the mantle of charity.

It so happens that the Wisconsin of my boyhood days still shook with echoes of the great debate. I am afraid that nearly all the German priests and mature laymen of my acquaintance could never have been induced to view the Irish as aught else than an inferior and generally undesirable tribe, guilty (when no other crime could easily be laid at their doorsteps) of fanatical and no doubt heretical views on the subject of alcoholic beverages. Nor could the Irish sing, and their pronunciation of Latin seemed to those who clung to the Erasmian tradition singularly untutored. Unquestionably all this was reciprocated in full measure by those who thought the "Dutch" as uncouth as the dialects which for many of them passed as the English language. Soon, to be sure, the great fusion began. Well-nigh every young man of German extraction was sweet on some Irish girl and vice versa. I can recall with a delectation I did not sense then how the father of the maid I admired exiled me from the premises when I casually stated on a hot Sunday afternoon that it would be wonderful to have a glass of beer. But everywhere the courting and marrying went on, and the controversy was eventually as dead as a mouse consumed by napalm.

Monsignor Moynihan deals expertly with the greatest crisis in Ireland's career, the aftermath of Pope Leo XIII's letter about "Americanism." It may seem strange in retrospect that so much was made of so wee a molehill, but in all truth it is not remarkable at all. The issue was of central importance in Europe. Father Gillis has said, and I believe correctly, that if the Church in France in those days had been able to rid itself of hopelessly reactionary and anti-populist views it would not now, in 1953, be found necessary to send priests to work in mines and factories. "Americanism" was a bugaboo created by

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French clerical diehards, but the talk about it wounded Ireland and imposed grievous burdens upon him. One may safely say that nevertheless Ireland and his great contemporaries of the hierarchy prevented any rift between the American Catholic worker or farmer and his Church. To be sure, an ever emerging bourgeoisie now and then temporarily has its day. Yet everybody knows where Catholicism in the United States is and remains—in the mines, the factories, the stockyards, the shops and the farms.

The great prelate was not consoled, as Newman was, by being elevated to the Cardinalate. Monsignor Moynihan believes that the honor would very probably have come to him had he lived a little longer. At any rate, it can honestly be said of him in the light of history that he deserved it.

Four Attitudes

SAVAGE PLAY. By Paul Colin. Translated from the French by Alfred van Ameyden van Duym. Dutton. $3.95.

By EDWIN KENNEBECK

THIS is a kind of parable trying to be a novel. The "savage games" (perhaps a more fitting translation of the original title, *Les Jeux Sauvages*) are first the summer cavortings of two boys and two girls, then their adult responses to life. Their childhood adventures, narrated in diary form by one of them, François, consist of gestures of anarchy and playful animality, pensive wanderings through their forest, and strange conversations.

Of the four children, two grow up still *farouches*, still possessed by a passion for independence. They are Jean-Jacques and Claude, son and daughter of a baron. Claude comes to Paris, captures the heart of a M. Baumier, one of François' friends, then cruelly leaves him. François has become a solid man of the world. He learns from Claude that Jean-Jacques (with whom Claude herself has fought as a member of the Maquis during the war) has gone mad and, after murdering a young girl, has been killed by a mob of villagers. Meanwhile the other girl, a lovely creature named Denise, has neared the other extreme by submitting to the rigid conventions of a finishing school.

As for Claude, she writes François an agonized letter of what sounds like existentialist despair:

> The Inferno, it is "I" in my truest sense; it is the void in which I am barely colored with illusion; and I feel terribly "myself" . . . I rule; but my kingdom is that of desolation. If I submitted, if I renounced, I would no longer exist, I would only be a shadow of God. . . .

Moved by her misery, François decides that a *via media* of transcendence-through-submission is the best road to take amid the perils of the human condition. He elopes rather suddenly with Denise, thus freeing her from the artificial life she has been leading, and they return to his home near a town called Neuvy, where Denise takes to dancing on the lawn and communing with trees and rivers.

The final portion of the novel shows us further results of François' decision. He begins to advocate cooperative efforts among the people of his district for the improvement of their community. Then he encounters Claude, whom he manages to Bend To His Will after chasing her around a stable with a whip. Evidently this physical conquest is meant to indicate a victory over her intellectual or psychological rebelliousness. At any rate, at the end of the novel François, Claude and Denise are reunited, at least temporarily, while a small boy—a son of Jean-Jacques—looks on, puzzled but no doubt ready to work out a new peculiar life of his own.

Although his story verges on silliness, Paul Colin can write beautifully, and has high motives in his attempt to fuse the adventures of his characters with a symbolic study of four attitudes toward existence. He is quite adept in certain cerebral comments laced with sensuous immediacy. He is not at his best as a story-teller, however, and seems not to have perfected a sense of over-all impact. Some of his passages have an annoying effect like irrelevancies, although actually there are not many irrelevancies, and his "themes" appear to win domination over his characters.

This novel, a winner of the Prix Goncourt, is offered to American readers in a jacket that might better have been slipped around some Edgar Rice Burroughs or H. Rider Haggard reprint. The styling of the book—chapters begin at various distances from the top of the page, and there are other capricious distractions—is not to the publisher's credit, and the translation is uneven.

"Wit, Tenderness, and Rage"

JULES LAFORGUE AND THE IRONIC INHERITANCE. By Warren Ramsey. Oxford. $5.

By PATRICK F. QUINN

JULES Laforgue: esteemed less in his own country than he is abroad, this French poet was born in Montevideo in 1860 and died in Paris in 1887, just twelve months after his marriage to an English girl whom he had met in Germany, where for five years he had been employed by the elderly Empress Augusta as her reader of French books and periodicals. Thus condensed, even the facts of Laforgue's short life display a kind of irony, the irony of circumstance. That he should have had to wait so long for his biographer and have found him at last in an American, this is irony of another kind, the irony of unexpectedness. But it is above all in his poems and stories that the spirit of irony found its richest manifestations. And so this book, the first and only full-length study of Laforgue, keeps his writings to the front of the stage.

It was time that someone of Mr. Ramsey's competence addressed himself to this subject. Laforgue is no museum-piece to be dusted off and admired for its archaic quaintness. His work—that is, his mind—is thoroughly alive, both in itself

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and in the subsequent modern poetry that his work helped inspire.

Thus every schoolboy who has taken a course in T. S. Eliot has at least *heard* of the man. The brighter students can allude to his themes, attitudes, and verbal strategies, and show how the early satirical poems of Eliot reflect certain important lessons learned from Laforgue. But so massive is Eliot's reputation these days that Laforgue was in some danger of dwindling down to a mere footnote, one of the many that help piece out our notion of what Eliot is up to. Mr. Ramsey puts an end to this process. He restores to Laforgue the stature that is rightly his: not by any means a major force in world literature, but certainly one of the most alert, responsive, and intelligent minds of the last century.

The book as a whole, in the emphases it gives to Laforgue's biography, his work, and the impact of that work on other poets (mostly American), is admirably balanced. At the same time it is neither bland nor tiresome. One of Mr. Ramsey's talents is that he is able to give us a detailed account of the subject without making it tedious. An exhaustive treatment on the author's part usually leads to exhaustion, for one thing, on the part of the reader. But not here.

Possibly my interest remained steadfast because Mr. Ramsey is so often engaged on a task he is especially good at: clarifying for readers of English the various rules, conventions, and hazards that are peculiar to French verse. This he does very well indeed. Similarly, his expert translations from Laforgue, occurring throughout the text, seem to catch all the fused wit, tenderness, and rage—the "irony," in a word—of their many-faceted originals.

Only in its discussion of the *theory* of irony does the book fall below expectations. This is a major disappointment because irony is not only the key word for Laforgue but also for the poets like Eliot, Crane, and Pound, who are among his inheritors. There was an opportunity here to examine fully, at its source, the nature and significance of the ironic habit of mind which has become so deeply ingrained in modern literature. It seems that for Laforgue this habit was sometimes a means of widening and enriching his view of reality, and sometimes it served as a defensive technique that would force life to keep its distance. These are antipodal meanings, and they bracket a host of other meanings, intermediate and indeterminate. If Mr. Ramsey had given this matter a longer, steadier look, he would have more fully redeemed the promise made by his book's splendid and spacious title.

But perhaps so complex a subject as the nature of irony would require a book all to itself. Meantime we have this volume; and it is not surprising to learn that it was chosen as the 1951 winner of an award, sponsored annually by the publishers and the Modern Language Association, "for a significant contribution to the understanding of a foreign literature."

New Philosophy

GOOD AND EVIL. By Martin Buber. Scribners. $2.75.

By PIERRE CONWAY

MARTIN Buber, a leading figure of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem since he left Germany in 1938, is considered by Reinhold Niebuhr as "the greatest living Jewish philosopher." In the present book Buber discusses what evil is and why evil is.

His starting point is first of all the exegesis of five Psalms; secondly, of the biblical account of the fall of Adam and Eve, supplemented by a discussion of similar Persian "myths." While his interpretations are foreign to Catholic orthodoxy, they are undoubtedly "advanced" even from the point of view of Jewish tradition—and not in the direction of Catholicism. Personal immortality and original sin are explicitly denied. One might risk as a subtitle: "When Sartre Meets Spinoza."

Evil is identified here as a direction away from the righteousness of God towards nothingness; good as the direction towards divine union —but this union is an absolute one. "Separate souls vanish, separation vanishes." Such was the doctrine of Spinoza, excommunicated by his people. But in this motion towards union there is the choice between good and evil. What is the nature of this choice? Evil is the infinity of possibility, the illusion of independence from God. In God alone the two cohabit. "He who is above all opposites has intercourse with the opposites of good and evil that are of his own making." Each man must, eschewing infinity, fashion himself into that single, unique facet of the one divinity which it is his to represent.

But initially, as in Sartre, "man as man is audacity of life, undetermined and unfixed." Original sin is not a sin at all, but an inevitable adventure into the realm of possibility, towards the knowledge of good and evil, culminating in "adequate awareness of the opposites inherent in all being within the world." What are these opposites? The opposite of the illusion of one's being anything apart from God, the "evil urge" of the purely personal, sensual will to live, which must be subordinated to God, and the opposite of conscious, unique identity with the divinity.

Existentialism *à outrance* might be a possible classification of this doctrine. Not only is 'to be' the important thing—there is only one 'being.' All else is illusion. The choice between good and evil becomes the choice between the illusion of being other than God, i.e., in reality, nothing, and recognizing oneself for what one really is, i.e., a unique facet of the one divinity, *the* one, sole being. The creature as a genuine, separate, existent entity simply vanishes. Not only personal immortality, but personality itself becomes no more than a mode of a single being. Sin, then, becomes no more, in turn, than a mysterious, inexplicable illusion, surging up in the bosom of the One, that all is not one.

An evaluation of Martin Buber's work would involve a study both of his scriptural exegesis and of his philosophical foundations. Admittedly, personal immortality and the

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nature of original sin are not so abundantly clear in the text of the Old Testament as to admit of no controversy—did not Christ himself have to open the understanding of the Apostles "that they might understand the Scriptures"?

However, on the plain of erudition, there is no interpretation contrary to the Catholic faith that is not matched with equally scholarly interpretations in support thereof by such institutions as the *Ecole Biblique* of Jerusalem. On philosophical grounds, it might be noted that the rational defense both of personal immortality and human responsibility were pivotal points of Saint Thomas Aquinas' defense of Aristotle against the Latin Averroists. While existentialism such as Sartre's exalts man's absolute freedom, it nevertheless appears compelled, under pain of acknowledging restriction, to savor evil. Freedom not to sin, therefore, is even greater freedom.

In conclusion one cannot help but wonder whether the current preoccupation with the "existential," the "existent," etc., will not some day mark those works so concerned as period pieces—while the stature of Aristotle and Saint Thomas continues timeless.

Mind of a Man

TEN BURNT OFFERINGS. By Louis MacNeice. Oxford. $2.50.

By DAVID BURNHAM

LOUIS MacNeice—born in Belfast, Ireland, in 1907—was a member of that talented group, including W. H. Auden, Stephen Spender and Cecil Day Lewis, which participated in the "Oxford Revolt" against accepted standards in poetry. Their work was first brought to the attention of the public in 1932 in an anthology edited by Michael Roberts; other young poets included were John Lehmann, Julian Bell and William Plomer. The influence of T. S. Eliot, himself strongly influenced by Ezra Pound, was apparent; but as MacNeice points out in his *Modern Poetry,* published in 1938, while "they have been much influenced by them [their predecessors: Eliot, Pound, the French symbolists, Rilke] in the letter (this is the manner in which they learned to write)," they reacted in spirit from these. In 1921 Eliot wrote: "We can only say that it appears likely that poets in our civilization, as it exists at present, must be *difficult.*" In 1932, Michael Roberts wrote: "The poems in this book represent a clear reaction against esoteric poetry in which it is necessary for the reader to catch each recondite allusion."

MacNeice summarizes another tenet in the preface to *Modern Poetry.* "This book is a plea for *impure* poetry, that is, for poetry conditioned by the poet's life and the world around him. . . . The poet, I consider, is both critic and entertainer. . . . Poetry today should steer a middle course between pure entertainment ('escape poetry') and propaganda." Auden and Day Lewis, especially, and Stephen Spender in his early work, interested themselves in social propaganda.

Louis MacNeice's new volume, *Ten Burnt Offerings,* marks in a sense a retrogression from the emphasis upon propaganda in its usual current meaning. He is by no means unaware of "the world around him" —plus the world of the past—but this is essentially personal, reflective or speculative poetry, leavened with vivid, vigorous, "pure" description. Its "propaganda" is propaganda for an honest, fresh, and wider view of life.

As for the revolt against formal language—an important plank in the platform of the "Oxford Revolt"—the word "revolt" is perhaps no longer applicable: the revolution has been achieved: in these poems MacNeice uses non-formal language not as a self-conscious rebel but with mature assurance and remarkable flexibility.

The ten long poems were written during a year the author spent in Greece. Each poem is divided into four contrasting sections: some rhymed according to diverse prosodies, some unrhymed; some in short lines, some in long; some slow-moving, dense, some swift-moving as popular ballads. The subjects (subject is the wrong word; "springboard" might be better although the central motive of the poem is never lost) range from Doubting Thomas' apostolate in India to the death of a pet cat. The final poem (they are arranged in chronological sequence) is an unabashed love poem.

One poem eulogizes "Our Sister Water." Byron is the keystone of another and in this connection one recalls the "Letter to Lord Byron," in Byronic stanzas, in *Letters from Iceland* in which MacNeice collaborated with Auden. The influence of "Don Juan" on MacNeice, Auden and (in his association with Auden) Isherwood has been largely if not entirely overlooked. The witty use of the colloquial even for serious purpose, the easy mixture of present-day and past, the scholarly background supplying an additional background but never obtrusively: this is simply the way the mind of an educated, sophisticated, well-informed man naturally works: the poet's multi-faceted sensibility encompasses not only the contemporary but also the full stretch of the past. (In Pound's *Cantos* the tie of today to yesterday, like the greater erudition of his allusions, is more self-conscious.)

Some of the poems, yes, particularly the early ones, are "difficult." But this is chiefly because of their density of meaning and elliptic allusions. Rarely, one meets an unfamiliar word that sends one to the dictionary. More often, the unfamiliarity is the new conjunction of familiar words—the use of language not to make esoteric but rather to concentrate meaning: a refreshment of language and syntax to refresh the reader's perceptions. I have used the word "vigorous" in connection with the descriptions; the same adjective applies to every element of the poems and to the impact of their sum.

But no amount of writing about poetry can take the place of reading it. As Stephen Spender postulated in a recent issue of the *New Republic,* ". . . the shock of art is lost when it is absorbed into a complicated machinery of exegesis."

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Apostle

SAINT PAUL. By Daniel-Rops. Fides. $2.75.

By H. A. REINHOLD

M. DANIEL-ROPS has retold the Old and New Testaments and done a very creditable job. One of his greatest virtues is that he does not embroider. His book consists of several ingredients: the Acts of the Apostles, Saint Paul's Epistles, reputable Church Fathers, historians and acceptable archeology. The author proves by his work that one can write a very readable book, showing a vital Paul, without resorting to sleight of hand. Whether all his sources and authors are up-to-date or not must be judged by biblical scholars and historians. But the general reader ought to be grateful for a realistic portrait of Saint Paul which does not tax credibility, and yet leaves one with the feeling that love, faith and reverence guided the author's hand.

The book was a success in France. But I wish the translator had avoided some awkward misunderstandings. He should have hesitated to call the Near East society of Saint Paul's day "extremely cultured"—the author possibly only meant "civilized," leaving "cultured" to an élite. The translator should have checked whether the Jewish minority on the relatively small island of Crete could possibly have killed as many as two hundred and forty thousand gentiles in one outbreak. When speaking of the climate of Asia Minor, he translates "oppressive continental influences"—something the weatherman could probably bring down to basic English. He should not have passed off the genius Alexander the Great as "the genial son" of Philip—genial, my eye! But enough of this petty chalking up of pardonable slips. The translation compensates for them.

I have the impression that Daniel-Rops has failed to give us the more enigmatic side of Saint Paul's character. His release from captivity in Philippi is treated somewhat summarily, leaving out a very human trait in Paul's character: his insistence on apology and reparation from the scared city authorities. Why gloss this one over? This failure is a real shortcoming; it lies in the direction of manufactured plaster statues of saints: insipid and smooth. Nor does the author give the quarrel with Peter its real proportionate significance.

The statement: ". . . a genius is recognized [by] the faculty of carrying on several enterprises simultaneously. . . ." is something of a cropper. I have then seen geniuses in circuses, kitchens, nurseries, and other worthy places of "genial" activity. More than a hundred years ago Kierkegaard wrote a classic "on the difference between an apostle and a saint:" "If you abolish the religious, the 'paradox,' or reduce it to the esthetic realm, an apostle becomes neither superior nor inferior to a genius and then good-night Christianity. Esprit and Spirit, spontaneity and revelation, God's call and genius, apostle and genius: all of this becomes one and the same thing. . . ." It does not serve an apostle to praise him as a great writer—which esthetically Saint Paul hardly was; his great style comes under another judge—or to claim he made the best tents ever made, since he was a tentmaker. "As a genius Paul neither equals Plato nor Shakespeare. . . . but here comes deep earnest: that Paul is an apostle."

And this is something intangible: a little less accommodation and greater reverence for the "otherness" of the apostle would have added to this book. But here I ask myself if this is not an esthetic judgment, and if in their "genial" way the author and publisher do not do us all a great service. Discarding fierceness and severity, I'll say: this is Saint Paul's image made to our measure by a kind and able writer.

"Naturalist"

EMILE ZOLA. By F. W. J. Hemmings. Oxford. $6.

By JOHN COURNOS

HOW many people read Zola nowadays? Dr. Hemmings tells us that until recently of all Zola's numerous works *Germinal,* his acknowledged masterpiece, was alone kept in print in England. In this country *Nana* is available in the Modern Library. On the whole, however, there has been no popular current demand for his work. This would seem to be poetic justice. With a strident boldness Zola proclaimed his uncompromising faith in science and contemporaneousness as the guiding forces in fiction. Early in his career he announced, in the paraphrase of Dr. Hemmings, that "since any novelist who is also a scientist goes to work in the belief that human behavior can be reduced to a limited number of fixed laws just like the behavior of stars or atoms; the research worker needs only to make enough observations to deduce the laws."

What Zola failed to take cognizance of was that science, as Chesterton shrewdly put it, was given to superstitions no less than many another human activity. Hence Zola's novels are for the most part singularly dated, as was inevitable from their deliberate divorcement from

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those intangible but no less positive spiritual activities which pass under the name of timeless, from those transcendent values imposed on his creation by an artist who is something more than a scientist evaluating his tabulations, no matter how interesting those are in themselves. Zola apparently failed to see that while science might serve as a handmaiden to art, art could never serve as a handmaiden to science.

The critic notes that in his early twenties Zola was in a real sense the poet starving in the garret indulging in daydreams. "I turn my eyes away from the dung-heap to rest them on roses . . . because I prefer roses, useless though they are," he wrote in those days, when he was still writing poetry, which the exigencies of life and experience forced him to put away. Zola was not born a realist, Dr. Hemmings insists. He was a romantic who by virtue of his fixed idea became an inverted romantic. He "clapped the researcher's spectacles over the pair of poet's eyes he possessed." A dual character, in conflict with himself, he must have had moments of illumination when he recognized the sheer folly of his attitude, as when he startled his disciples, Huysmans and Céard, by saying: "Do you believe it is really so necessary to be true to life? I know very well it is the requirement of the moment, and we are a little to blame for that . . . but books in other ages did very well without it . . . no, no, it isn't so indispensable as people try to make out."

The term "realism" covers a multitude of sins; so Zola hit upon the more specific word "naturalist" to describe his school. It was too narrow to confine its more gifted members for long. Huysmans and Maupassant broke away at the first opportunity. But he was to have his real disciples in the future as Dr. Hemmings attests in the final words of his excellent dissective and interpretive biography: "Zola was the prophet of a new age of mass-psychology, mass-analysis, mass-education, and mass-entertainment. . . . An age without fineness, almost certainly; without fire and without color, perhaps; but an age, it may be, of greater strength and broader justice; on that no one can speak yet with finality, for this age that Zola wrote of is, without the least doubt, our own age." And so the implication: man no longer an individual responsible for himself.

If we judge great men by their fruits, what is to be said of the naturalists, or whatever name they may go by, of our own day? What with the development of science, and the aid of Freud, they have surely in every way outstripped their famous forebear. The spirit has not been enriched. Would it be too much to say that the arts have been crucified on the cross of science?

The New Team

REPUBLICANS ON THE POTOMAC: The New Republicans in Action. By Jay Franklin. McBride. $3.50.

By JAMES O'GARA

TWENTY years ago Jay Franklin wrote *The New Dealers,* a

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sympathetic appraisal of the advent of Franklin Delano Roosevelt's first Administration. Now he has done the same for the Republicans, although "sympathetic" may understate the case somewhat.

Mr. Franklin apparently belongs to the destiny-rules-it school of writing; he says, for instance, "The forces which developed Eisenhower lay deep in the story of the whole American people. And these forces decreed that a man like 'Ike' should be born in the right part of the country, at the right time, of the right kind of parents, and that he should marry the proper wife and follow the right career to bring his abilities to full maturity at a time when they were most needed."

This man-of-destiny tone persists throughout much of the book. As a result, the finished product reads more like a quickie campaign biography than an attempt at a sober, even if sympathetic, appraisal. Not Mr. Franklin's obvious sympathies but the book's superficialities make it disappointing.

Included in the volume are thumbnail sketches of most of the major figures in the new Administration. Again these read like electioneering handouts, and they also contain an annoying emphasis on "the old American stock" from which Mr. Franklin says so many of his New Republicans sprang. All in all, the net result of Mr. Franklin's efforts is disappointing. But there is one consolation; if the new Administration does even one-tenth as well as he apparently expects, the country has little to worry about.

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